*Tha.* A Prince of *Macedon* (my Royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady,
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolecra kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight King.* And with the third?

*Thai.* The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. King.* What is the fourth.

*Thai.* A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

*King.* Which shewes that beauty hath his power & wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. *Kni Tha.* The fift: an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, thats by the Touch-stone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. King.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which
the Knight himselfe with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

*Thai.* He seemes to be a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch thats onely greene at top:
The Motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

*King.* A pretty morall; from the deiected state wherein
He is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had neede meane better then his outward
Shew can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rusty out-side he appeares
To haue practiz'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger; for he comes
To an honorde tryumph strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.

*King.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

*Great shoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.*

*Enter*



*¶ Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes,

*Thai.* But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

*Per.* 'Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene at th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

*Marsh.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courtious Knights.

*King.* Sit sir, sit.
By Ioue (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

*Thais* By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

*King.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.



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